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The Vitamin C Ninja



action

orange

ninja

186 10 20

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

Orange is not a usual color for a ninja.

Then again, I've kind of always been about disproving stereotypes.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I zip up my zesty jumpsuit and bite into an orange, skin still intact. Stereotype number one: ninjas only wear black. The orange thing, well, that's just a personal idiosyncrasy.

My assignment today is to kill the president of Tokyo Electronics, a technology conglomerate rival only to Sony. Little wonder why the latter's president hired me to kill the poor guy.

But it can wait. In the meantime, I've got to go grocery shopping. No sense committing a murder on an empty stomach.

Chapter 3 by ...



It hasn't always been easy being orange. You know that song that Kermit the frog sings: "It's not

easy being green"? Yes, I could almost do a cover of that song, but about how it is difficult being orange. Only, there is a major, major difference between being green and being orange. You see, as a ninja, I must rely on being stealthy, but green is a very obvious color. Especially when it snows. There have been n... white or traditional black. But I am, and always will be, orange.

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Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



I ponder what exactly my murder method will be as I stroll through the aisles of my local supermarket, looking for my weekly stock. It's October, and everything has some sort of pumpkin thrown into it - cookies, and teas, and the like. I don't mind. It just widens the amount of things I'm willing to eat.

Breaking into the president's home will be the real challenge, not the murder. He lives a simple life - that's all that they talk about on the commercials, how he lives in a regular flat and is pleased with living a life of simplicity, not like those *other businesses* - and I've already scouted the place out for myself. At least the commercial is right. He really does live simply.

What isn't simple, however, is his security system.

Chapter 5 by Windlion



It took a bit of online research, a bit of reviewing building permit plans, and a bit of probing two or three of the engineers who installed the system. A remarkable and devious design!

Looking at the house from my scouting nest and guided by what I had learned, the clues were easy to see. All of the colors in the house and yard were soft shades of gray, green, and brown; anything of another shade would be identified and attacked by the security AI. A ninja dressed in monochrome black or white -- or even orange -- would immediately be gunned down from several angles.

How could I defeat this clever defense?

A farm truck rumbled by on the street below, and inspiration struck. I had my plan!

Chapter 6 by Windlion



The smoke from Kawasaki's industrial district gave the sunrise an orange glow as the seven farm trucks rolled into town. Very auspicious.

Seven, of course, because the number seven is a favorable death. My target's on mine? In the hands of the gods?

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Riding in the first truck, I watched the plume of diesel smoke of my target's little shro approach. As we came abreast of the entrance gate, I suddenly snapped at the driver, "Turn in here!"

"Here? But --"

"Here! Now!" and my blades were out to show him that I would brook no delay. He spun the wheel over and the truck crashed through the gate!

I reached over and spun the wheel hard to the right; the truck tilted to the left ... and the first load of pumpkins spilled across the courtyard, bouncing and drawing fire from automatic weapons of all kinds. The drivers of the remaining trucks that had turned in behind their leader frantically tried to avoid the carnage, and also sent their loads scattering across the yard.

The machine guns all suddenly went silent. The owner had shut them down!

Arigatō, nōfu-san! I crowed as I leaped out of the cab and raced around like a madman through the piles of pumpkin mush.

"What have you done to my crops?" I screamed, as I rolled in the mess, smearing pumpkin over my face and clutching my hair. Then I turned and stalked straight towards the squad of armed guards at the main door.

Behind them stood a disheveled old man wearing a threadbare yukata. Unfair! Where is the honor in dispatching someone who doesn't even shave?

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8 (1 draft)

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